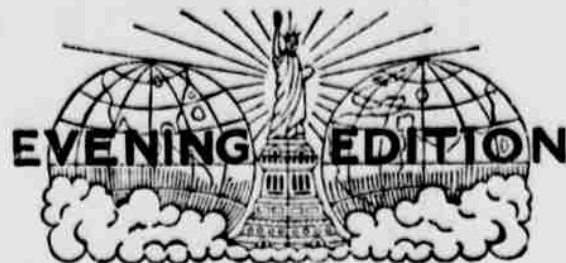


THUGS SILENCE MURDER WITNESS IN COURT; WHITMAN ARRESTS HIM FOR PERJURY

WEATHER—Showers To-Night and Thursday.

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World.

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LAWYER SLAIN IN HIS OFFICE BY A LITIGANT

Joseph J. Conroy Shoots
Joseph Fettretch and Wounds
His Clerk.

ENRAGED OVER A SUIT.

Several Terrified Women See
the Tragedy in a Park
Row Skyscraper.

An angry visitor at the law offices of Fettretch and Seybell, constituting the Park Mortgage Company, on the ninth floor of the office building at No. 41 Park Row, today shot Joseph Fettretch, the senior partner of the firm, while he was sitting in his private office. Fettretch, who was sixty-eight years old, a well known lawyer, and a candidate in 1897 for a City Judgeship, died an hour after the shooting in St. Gregory's Hospital from a bullet through his abdomen.

The assailant was Joseph J. Conroy, of No. 124 First place, Brooklyn, who was a litigant in a suit for the partition of an estate wherein Fettretch acted as referee. Conroy is in St. Gregory's Hospital badly beaten about the face and head, and with a bullet wound in a leg.

Norman Bergh, a clerk in the office, and whose home is at No. 290 West One Hundred and Seventy-fourth street, is also in St. Gregory's Hospital with a bullet in the hip. He was shot during the scuffle after Conroy fired at the senior partner.

PUSHES HIS WAY PAST BOY
AT GATE.

It was a few minutes before 10 o'clock when the outer door of the lawyers' suite was pushed violently open and a short, squatly man, red faced, partially bald and with a paper collar suggesting an old man, walked into the outer office. Without hesitating he went to the door of the gate, he pushed through the door separating the visitors' lobby from the large room where the clerks and stenographers were working and stalked rapidly down toward the closed door of Mr. Fettretch's private office.

Frank L. Brooks, the head bookkeeper of the firm and a man whose observant eyes have always noted the visitors who pass through to the private offices of the heads of the firm, saw this shabby-genteel little man swaggering unannounced through the big room to Fettretch's office and noted something stamped on the man's face which was ominous. He climbed down from his stool—for he knew the stranger for one who had visited the office before and disturbed its calm with loud language and threats—and started to intercept him.

But the man with the paper collar was too quick for Brooks. Without knocking, he pushed open the door of Fettretch's office and began to address Judge Fettretch in a high pitched voice of protest.

MAKES A COMPLAINT AGAINST
LONG DELAY.

"When's all this delay and pattering around in this suit going to cease?" he heard the stranger demand.

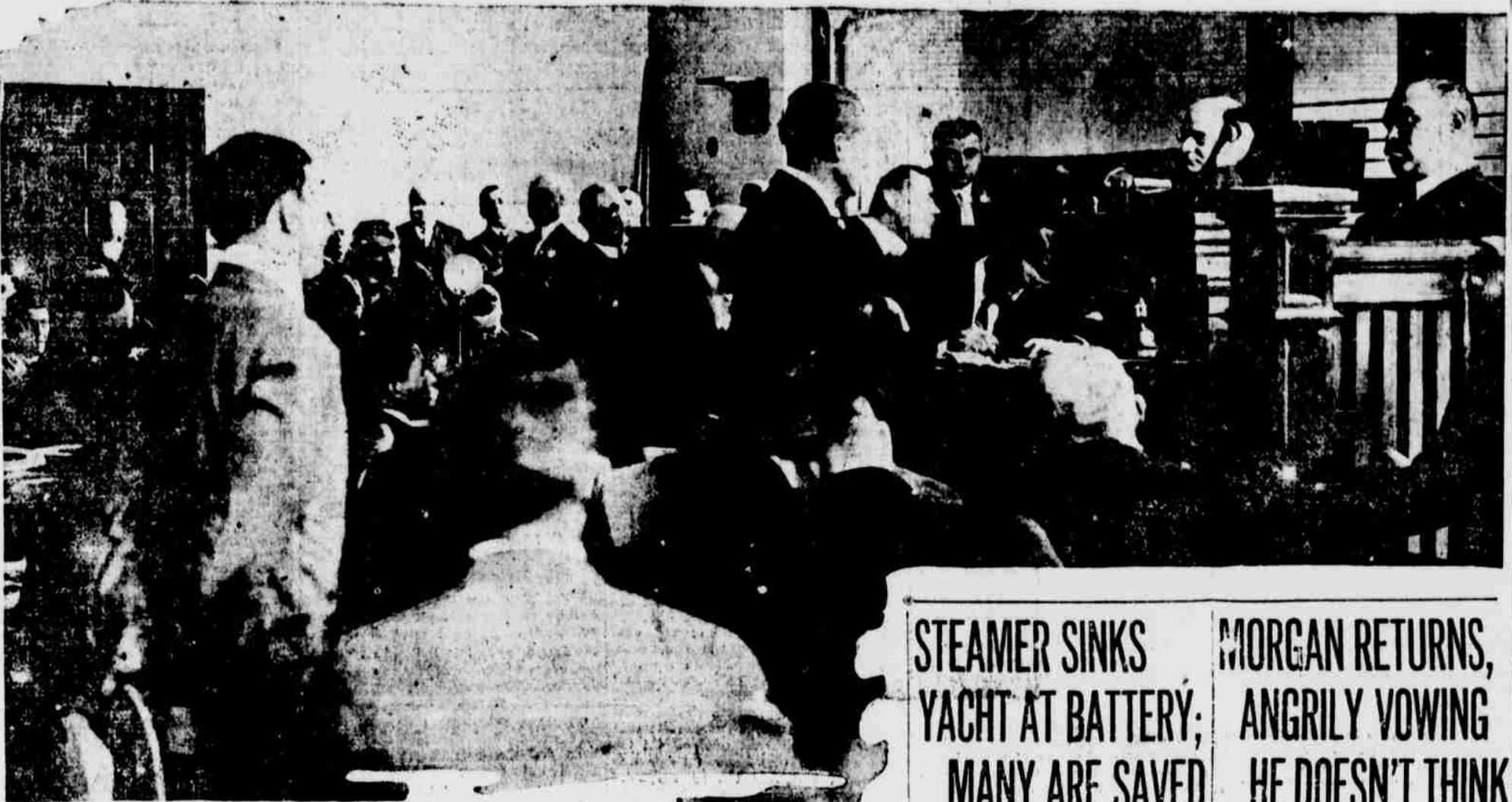
The quiet voice of the senior member of the firm intervened.

"Oh, I've heard your excuses and your silly stalling long enough. I want action, that's what I want," roared the shrill voice of the man at the door.

He stood half-way in the open door, shaking his fist at Fettretch. The lawyer was sitting at his desk when the interruption came. He remained seated for some minutes trying to calm the man, Brooks and the other clerks in the office heard him counsel patience. As referee of the suit, Fettretch said, he could progress no faster than the law permitted. Everything was being done that could be done.

Then when Conroy—for by such name alone was the man known in the law office—grew abusive Fettretch rose from his seat and started gently to push the intruder out of his place in the doorway.

Witness "John the Barber" Identifying Webber in Court Just Before Fear of Thugs Silenced Him



(Photographed Especially for The Evening World by a Staff Artist.)

WHITE SLAVER SENT TO SING SING FOR 33-YEAR TERM

Bartender Gets the Limit for
Selling an Ignorant Immigrant Girl.

The limit of the law, in fine and imprisonment, was given to a white slaver in the Court of General Sessions today by Judge O'Sullivan, who scored the prisoner before an approving crowd.

Joseph Milton, thirty-five years old, a bartender, stood up to receive what will very likely work out to a thirty-three-year sentence in Sing Sing. He was sentenced to a term of from ten to twenty years in Sing Sing and a fine of \$5,000, which, at the usual rate, means about thirteen years.

Milton was convicted of selling into slavery twenty-year-old Annie Lerner, an immigrant whom he found in an employment agency at No. 92 East Third street. The evidence was secured against him by Immigration Inspector Michael O'Brien, who is working up other cases.

ATTELL-MURPHY FIGHT ON AGAIN FOR AUG. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—After a conference with Promoter James C. Griffith, AtteLL reconsidered today his previously announced determination to cancel the August 30 date with "Harlem Tommy" Murphy for a twenty-round fight here.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

100	—
CINCINNATI—	002
BROOKLYN—	0000
CHICAGO—	3101

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

CHICAGO—	100
HIGHLANDERS—	011

LAWYER WHO WAS SHOT AT HIS OFFICE IN A SKYSCRAPER.



JOSEPH FETTRECH

"A PLATE O' BEANS" JOHN'S WALDORF ORDER THEN LIT ON HIS HEAD

John Owens, a husky longshoreman at the worst for wear, told Judge Kernohan in the Yorkville Police Court this afternoon what happened in the Waldorf-Astoria when he asked for a plate of beans.

"You see, Judge, I was hungry, and I saw a swell restaurant. I walked in and asked for a plate of beans. A guy in a marble front takes a slant at me, supercilious-like, and then I lit on me head on the pavement. I don't remember much after that."

Judge Kernohan enlightened Owens. He told him that he came into the court yesterday demanding a warrant for the Waldorf-Astoria's arrest on a charge of assault and battery.

"You talked so much that we just looked you up to let you think it over. Three dollars or three days," said the Court.

SUE E. R. THOMAS AND WIFE, CLAIMING LOAN OF \$169,944.66

Post and Warner Ask Restraining
Order, Prohibiting Disposal of Securities.

Both Edward R. Thomas and his wife, Linda L., who is suing him for divorce, were made defendants today in a suit brought in the Supreme Court by Edwin M. Post and Grove M. Warner.

Post and Warner claim in their complaint that they, as members of the firm of Post & Co., in April, 1905, loaned \$169,944.66 to Thomas. In return for the loan, the complaint states, Thomas turned over to Post & Co. a speculative account, known as the Keokuk & Des Moines Syndicate, in which Thomas was interested, and also 5.60 shares of the Keokuk and Des Moines Railroad, to be held by Post & Co. as security for the payment of the loan of \$169,944.66 by Thomas.

Later on Thomas, according to the complaint, became involved in speculation to the extent that he was a loser to the extent of more than one million dollars. A suit then was begun against him by Post & Co., the complaint states, to cover the amount loaned. Thomas then transferred to his wife property and securities which the plaintiffs are now seeking to get control in order to insure payment of their loan to Thomas. These transfers to Mrs. Thomas were made, the complaint states, after the plaintiffs had begun the suit against him. Post and Warner now ask that the Court grant a restraining order prohibiting either Mrs. Thomas or her husband from disposing of certain properties and securities until the loan shall be paid up.

Included in the list of securities submitted in the complaint as having been transferred by Thomas to his wife after the suit was started against him by Post and Warner are the following: Five hundred shares of the Bonding Trust Company, \$10,000 worth of bonds of the Longacre Square Theatre Company, \$50,000 worth of stock and bonds of the Morning Telegraph Company.

Douglas's Detective Bureau, 31 West 12th street, New York, is investigating the case. The suit is set for trial in the Supreme Court.

STEAMER SINKS YACHT AT BATTERY; MANY ARE SAVED

Thrilling Rescues of Women
and Children When Old
Colony Runs Down Idler.

The fishing yacht Idler, which leaves the Battery every morning to carry amateur enthusiasts out to the ocean fishing grounds, was cut down and sunk in the view of hundreds along the water front by the Eastern Steamship Lines steamer Old Colony at 12 o'clock this morning.

Only the tip of the Idler's mast, with its deck lamp, now marks the scene of the wreck about 150 yards off the Manhattan pier at the Battery, and squarely in the path of traffic.

Between twenty and thirty passengers aboard the Idler were thrown into the water when their little craft was cut squarely in two by the sharp prow of the bigger Boston boat. Instantly from all sides lifeboats, dropping their hooks, flocked to the place where the battered halves of the Idler were rocking in their last plunge, and the women and children alike dived from the tugboats into the bay to rescue the Idler's passengers.

Only one of the Idler's passengers, Mrs. Julius Skidmore, sixty years old, and lives at No. 28 Hicks street, Brooklyn, was seriously injured as the result of the wrecking of the fishing yacht. She was brought back to the Battery pier by the tug J. F. Lohman of the Dated Towing Company, suffering from shock, immersion and slight cuts about the head and arms, and was hurried to the Hudson Street Hospital.

The Old Colony, Capt. Lorenza Crowell commanding, makes the afternoon run between Boston and New York. She was just rounding the Battery from East River on her way to a berth at the foot of Fulton street, North River, when the Idler put across her bow at the Battery, headed down the bay. Capt. Crowell had his big ship dropped down to quarter speed when he saw the Idler turn her bow across the bay.

But the Idler's engines were stopped and her wheel thrown to port. The Idler, in crossing the bow, nearly struck the Old Colony.

That instant the Idler's bow saw that collision was inevitable. The Old Colony's captain ordered full speed astern, but almost before the engine bells sounded the sharp prow of the Boston boat smashed into the Idler's stern, and cut right through the little boat as through cheese.

The Idler, cut in two, its stern

MORGAN RETURNS, ANGRILY VOWING HE DOESN'T THINK

Money King Tells Reporters
He Will Pay Salary Raises if
They Cease Annoying Him.

J. Pierpont Morgan returned to these shores today on the White Star liner Olympic after an absence in Europe, which has covered almost exactly the time of the sittings of the Stanley committee investigating the United States Steel Corporation.

Mr. Morgan's first inclination to talk to any person not included among his confidants and intimates was exemplified as soon as the passengers on the revenue cutter went up the side with J. Pierpont Morgan Jr., who had gone down the bay on the yacht Corsair to meet his father at quarantine.

The younger Morgan joined his father, who was at breakfast with his friend, Miss Anne Tracy, and her friend, Miss Bernard, a sister of E. J. Bernard, an associate of Mr. Morgan in many million dollar enterprises.

When Mr. Morgan went on deck he was met by a platoon of reporters. He saw the scars in their eyes, born of many previous experiences in the hopeless task of getting a homesome interview from him. Like the great general that he is, he gave them no time to brace up. With a voice like the grumble of an irritated bull, he said:

"Go 'way! Get out! Nothing to say! Wouldn't say it here if I had 'go 'way! Leave me alone!"

The reporters melted away, hopeless—all but one.

OFFERS MONEY TO REPORTER
WHO TRAILED HIM.

A stout looking young man of slender build, whose drooping shoulders hide an unimpaired determination, trailed along and addressed the great financier again.

"Mr. Morgan," he said, "will you—No, I won't. I don't want to say anything before the defendant's lawyer. But I want to know if you will do me a favor. Will you give me a job? I'll be a reporter for you."

"I'll pay the difference, give you a check right now. But tell me how much and then cut out. I've nothing to say."

He walked to the companionway, but the young man with the pencil and the oval of paper in one hand, astoundedly ignored by fear, trailed right along.

"Mr. Morgan," he said, "you were just like to the Kaiser Wilhelm on the other side, weren't you?"

Mr. Morgan smiled about so quickly.

AWED BY GANGSTERS AT HEARING, REISLER LOSES HIS MEMORY

"John the Barber," Fearing for His
Life, Retracts Sworn Statement
That He Saw Webber Run
From Murder Scene.

ARRESTED FOR PERJURY AS HE LEAVES THE STAND

Whitman Tightens Grip on Webber
to Force Confession—Police Seek
Gunmen Who Fled Town.

EIGHT DAYS have elapsed since Herman Rosenthal was assassinated before an assemblage of half a hundred persons in front of the Metropole Hotel and the men who committed the crime are STILL AT LARGE.

Because he feared for his life if he told the truth, John Reisler, known among theatrical people and sporting men the country over as "John the Barber," refused to answer questions on the witness stand, in a hearing connected with the Rosenthal assassination this afternoon, and was immediately placed under arrest charged with perjury. The incident illustrates the widespread terror the lawless gangs of New York have instilled in the minds of persons who know their malicious power.

The hearing was before Coroner Feinberg, and was in the nature of an examination in the cases of "Bridgie" Webber and Sam Paul, who are held without bail, charged with complicity in the assassination of Rosenthal. In order to keep out members of gangs, Coroner Feinberg had arranged that admission was to be had to the Special Sessions courtroom, where the proceeding was held, only by ticket.

The precaution proved futile. Long before the hour for the beginning of the examination the corridors of the Criminal Courts Building and the streets outside were thronged with swarthy, hard faced, nervous young men—typical gang members.

GANGS OF THUGS BOUGHT WAY INTO COURT.

These persons began offering money for tickets and succeeded in accumulating a sufficient number to make the courtroom seem like home to Webber and Paul when they were brought in from the Tombs. There were between seventy-five and one hundred men in the room who looked as though they might be willing to start something.

Reisler, who had not expected to be called upon to testify in a court of law, was terrorized by the hostile atmosphere in the courtroom. He was face to face with "Bridgie" Webber and Sam Paul and a swarm of their followers, and his nerve was not equal to the task of forcing from his lips statements he had previously made to the District Attorney, that he had seen "Bridgie" Webber running away from the Metropole Hotel immediately after Herman Rosenthal was shot dead.

"I don't want to get mixed up in this," wailed Reisler, "I've got a family of six children."

Reisler was arrested as he was edging his way out of the court room, after he had been excused from the witness stand. He was first taken to the District Attorney's Office and from there to Police Headquarters, where he made a statement. Reisler was told by the District Attorney that he will have to tell the truth or go to jail.

Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty took an active part in the accumulation of happenings that led to Reisler's arrest. When "John the Barber" was safely behind the doors at Headquarters Dougherty said:

DOUGHERTY CORALS OTHER WITNESSES.

"I have just delivered to the District Attorney several very important witnesses who will not only substantiate what Reisler originally told the District Attorney and was afraid to tell in the courtroom, but will also establish the presence of Webber at the scene of the murder when Rosenthal was killed."

Reisler has a barber shop at No. 169 West Forty-fifth street, and has known Webber, Jack Ross and others mixed up in the Rosenthal killing for twenty-five years. He was a close friend of Rosenthal.

The production of Reisler as a witness was a surprise. He had been brought to the District Attorney's office by Assistant District Attorney Mose and was not under subpoena. After being questioned in Mr. Whitman's office he was taken downstairs to the Special Sessions court room, where the hearing was under way and put on the witness stand.

Coroner Feinberg was sitting as a Magistrate in the proceeding, which was a resumption of a hearing held on Monday. When Reisler was ushered

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